NOTICE.

The Circulation of the MINER is greater by 500 than that of any paper published in McKean County, outside of Bradford.

McKean County Miner.

VOLUME XXVII SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1890. NUMBER 35

McKean County Miner

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NOTICE TO BUILDERS
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WHAT IS SCROFULA
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Wire Rein Snaps, 2 for 1 cent. Norman Rein Snaps, all sizes, for 1 cent each. Nickel-plated Rosette Buckles, 2 for 1 cent. Clips, at 2 cents each. Cockeyes at 2 cents each. Check Rein at 2 cents each. Hame Straps at 6 cents each. Starrmish, Sand Paper, at $3.00 per 5-inch sheet. Special leather prices. Our prices on all harness goods are the lowest ever known. If you have been paying for just the same goods. Write for descriptive circulars and price list.
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Sept. 19, 1890.

Somebody's Darling.

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.

Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
So soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering look of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young cheek,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.

Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands as on his breast now—
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss a last one for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low,
One bright curl from his fair male take,
Treasure it well as a precious know.

Somebody's pride, you know,
Somebody's hand hath rested there,
Was it a mother's soft, and white,
Or have the lips of a sister fair.

Somebody's heart is in those waves of hair
Kissed by a dear one, fond and rare—
Somebody's watch hath cherished him there,
Somebody's eyes are now weary.

Somebody's arms are the wings of prayer,
Somebody's heart has ceased to beat,
Somebody's lips no kiss forehead lay,
Somebody clings to his parting hand.

Somebody's morning and watching for him,
Somebody's evening shall yearn again in her heart,
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And curling, clustering locks apart.

Two feet beyond the far grave a tear,
Can see the weeper sad at her work,
Somebody's darling slumbers here.

My Heart's Delight.

By LOUISE STOCKTON.

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CHAPTER I.

"I am Miss Margaret Woolstine."

The newspaper which Reuben Hale and I own and edit is, I am aware, a "one horse" affair, but we are satisfied with it. It is a small eight paged weekly, largely made up of advertisements and scissorings, and the subscription price is one dollar a year. We have no reporters; we never print telegrams nor murders, and we have a subscription list of 172,000 names—farmers, gardeners and country people, because wherever there are people raising fruit, truck or flowers there goes the little Seed and Graft, and we are old fogy enough to employ girls to fold and direct these newspapers, and these girls do their work cheerfully and seem to be happy. When one of them marries we give her a sewing machine and a dining room cruise.

One day I came into the office after an absence of a couple of hours, and found Hale transcribing the New York dailies.

"Dan," said he, "there was a young woman in here to see you."

"Very well," said I getting a glass of water, "you saw her, I suppose? It is no use to go outside, Reuben."

"I saw her," he replied, "but she didn't want to see me. It was the old gentleman she was after."

"Now, come," said I, sitting down, "I am not going to shirk the title, but you'll have to take shares in it. You can't be distinguished from me by it, my boy! I am gray, but you are bald; I am lean and you are stout, and there isn't a six months difference in our years of our lives, Reuben Hale."

"Have it as you please," said he, "but that is what she said—she wanted to see old Mr. Crawford. I think she thought me the young one."

"Was she a blind young woman?"

"Blind!" he repeated. "Just wait until you see her eyes. Oh, she is coming back! At 2 o'clock, Daniel. Even if she didn't want to see me I asked her to do that. I told her you'd be sure to be in then."

"Well, I won't," I answered. "I am going out to Melvin on the 1:45. I am not going to-day in town this sweltering afternoon."

"Yes, you are. You'll thank your happy stars if you do. If you miss her, Daniel, you'll break her heart, and after you have seen her she'll break yours."

"I am going on the 1:45 train," I repeated.

"Bet you a dollar you don't," said Hale. "I told her to come at 2, but she said 1 o'clock would be more convenient, and she would try to find you then, and Daniel, you had better take your feet off the chair, and brush that hair of yours up a little, for here she comes. I hear the echo of her voice and the patter of her heels in the out office, where she has just asked Marvey if you are in."

"What a dance you are! I really think"— But at that moment the door opened, and Marvey appeared.

"Lady to see Mr. Crawford," said he, stepping aside, and there entered a young woman dressed very plainly in dark blue, with a smoke colored veil pretty well covering her face.

"You do not remember me, Mr. Crawford," she said. "I am Miss Margaret Woolstine. I see you very often in church, but of course you do not see me, but you have to"— and she nervously laughed, "you have to hear me, you know."

"Mr. Crawford," said Reuben, getting up without the glimmer of a smile and with great deliberation, "I am going to Melvin on the 1:45, and I shall have to leave at once. Will you kindly pay that dollar for me on account?" He put on his hat, took his cane, bowed to Miss Woolstine, went out the door, and I heard him immediately tramping upstairs to the composing room where I knew he had proofs to read. There were times when Reuben Hale was 16 years of age instead of 60.

Miss Woolstine looked more comfortable after we were alone, and she took off her veil, holding it in her hands.

"I almost felt as if I knew you, Mr. Crawford," she said. "When I was a little girl I used to sit with my uncle in his pew just where I could see you as I looked at the painted glass window, and now from the choir of course we have you in full view."

"And you do not think me rude because you so often catch me watching you?"

The girl slightly colored. "You have the kindest face in all the church. I could never think you rude." And with that she became scarlet.

"I will not say what I think of yours," I said gently, "or you might think me very rude indeed, but can I do anything for you?"

She crushed her veil tightly in her hands. "I do not want to take up your time, Mr. Crawford; but I do want to talk to you a minute. I have to support myself, and I want to get newspaper work, Mr. Crawford, and I thought perhaps you would give me some. It is so quiet here."

I looked at her with surprise. "I thought you lived with your uncle, Mr. Marvin."

"I did, but we do not agree, and I have no money of my own, and as I have to leave there I must support myself."

"But surely your natural resource would be in music, Miss Woolstine. Your voice ought to be worth a great deal to you."

"I could sing in public," she quickly answered. "The church I do not mind, because I have gone there all my life, but the concert stage!—oh, I could not do that! And I would rather not teach. It worries me to teach music."

"You would make a success in concerts." She shook her head. "And," I continued, "it would be far more lucrative than any work I could give you. You would not like a position here at all. The girls are good, reasonable girls, but they would not suit you at all. And the wages is low."

"I have my salary in the church," she said; "that would help a little, and I do not want a situation with your girls, Mr. Crawford; I want editorial work."

"Ho, ho, editorial work!" I gasped at this. "But you know Mr. Hale and I do all that and have time to spare."

"But I have helped you a little," she explained with eagerness. "I have written you several things and you have always published them. Last week you made an editorial of one."

"So, indeed! Then you are 'Mark Willis'" and I nodded my head like a Chinese mandarin. I have since been informed. "Well, you are not only a very beautiful young lady, but you are a clever one, too. I don't know that we ought to refuse Mr. Mark Willis."

"Oh, please do not," she cried. "I should be so glad to come here, and I think I could soon learn to be useful. I could cut out paragraphs for you, and that must be such stupid work for you to do, and I could write on what subjects you thought best, and if you or the other gentleman wanted to go away for a few days I am sure I could do different things for you. And," she added, "you might both want to go away together. Suppose you also would have liked to have left town on the 1:45 train. Wouldn't you have been more comfortable to have known some one was here ready to receive messages or attend to your orders?"

At the bow could I help smiling, and I told her that her reasoning almost convinced me. "Indeed," I added, "it would do me but for two reasons—one, we do not need you in the slightest, and the other is that this stuffy office is no place for a young lady."

She stood up and I could see tried to look entirely indifferent, but her lips trembled and her face paled.

"Of course then," she answered me, "there is nothing more to be said, and I can only beg your pardon, Mr. Crawford, for having troubled you."

As I sat still looking at her it flashed upon me that perhaps if I knew more of the history of this girl I should not so hastily shut the door upon her. And I have a very strong feeling about disappointing women. When I married my wife and I had only a meager salary upon which to live, and I grumbled enough because I had to work all night, and in consequence slept nearly all day, and I thought I was deprived of my share of sunlight and social life, and my wife tenderly agreed with me.

After she suddenly failed in health and died I discovered that she had worked in our little house all day and sewed for the shops at night! It was thus she bought my little comforts! And now that she was dead and could not share the comfort and repose of my life it seemed to me that because of her deprivations I ought to be more thoughtful of other women. Little enough did the girls guess how often they owed some little pleasure or indulgence to the innate pleading of my wife's memory. Thinking thus, I said:

"Are you quite determined on newspaper work, Miss Woolstine?"

"Quite. And perhaps I should tell you that I have sole offer which I can accept from The Royal Express, although I have not written for them, but I have just come from there and they seem desirous of trying me."

"Do you want to go there?"

She flushed painfully. "No. I do not. It is so public. There are so many men going and coming."

I rubbed my hands nervously.

"Sit down, Miss Woolstine; who did you see there—at the office?"

"Mr. Finley, the editor."

"And you will go there?"

"I think I ought at least to try it, don't you? It is one of our best papers."

I have not described Margaret Woolstine, and I do not know how to do so. She was a lovely creature, tall, slender, with a superb carriage of the head and the most charming coloring. Her eyes were dark and tender, but pride and obstinacy curved her pretty mouth, and I often thought that it could not be pleasant to cross her will. But thus far I have never had to do more than observe what has happened to others who tried to subdue and conquer her.

As she stood before me, so young and charming and innocent, I thought of my wife, who was also a Margaret, and I knew she would not have allowed the child to go into such a crowd as frequented The Royal Express, and I said:

"Have you no mother?"

"I have only my uncle," she answered, "and he is angry with me. My mother and father are dead."

"Very well," said I, "some one must take care of you, and I am going to ask you to let me try for a little while until your uncle has slept his anger off. And although we do not actually need another editor you can be of use to us, and I want you to come."

Did she resent this half grudging invitation? No. She looked at me with content and happiness in her eyes and asked me if she should begin the next morning.

When Hale came down stairs Miss Woolstine was gone and I was in a little room back of our office taking papers out of a desk.

"How is this," he said with a fine affectation of wonder, "didn't you get off?"

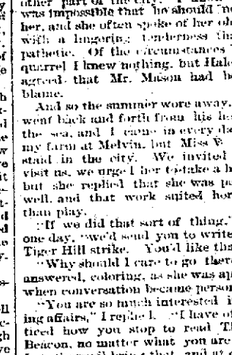
"Hale," said I, "we are going to have another editor, and this room will have to be made ready for her at once. I think we'll put a matting on the floor and make it look clean and cool, and we'll hang a pink curtain at the window. This desk will do, but we must get a better chair. If you will clear our belongings out I'll send Marvey for the scrub woman and I'll go for the matting."

"By George!" said he, "are you daft? What on earth are you talking about?"

And when I told him he listened and his only reply was an occasional ejaculation of "Oh, Lord!" but his intonation of that expression never varied.

CHAPTER II.

It is very certain that had Miss Woolstine gone to the office of The Royal Express she would not have had the chance of housekeeping that we afforded her, with a Rose white apron tied over her dark dress, and an obtrusive duster in her hand, she very soon learned to keep us in very good order indeed. But she had the rare, most angelic talent of making that order ours and not her own. She never put our inkstands in the middle of the tables. Mine stood as I liked it, close to my hand, while Hale's was at arm's length from his, and she never mixed a revise with the first proofs. If I put a book on a shelf I found it there, dusted no doubt, but where I had laid it. Life in our establishment was very simple. There was no rush of reporters, no late hours, no excitement over news.



I sat down crushed and guilty.

The flowers bloomed in the spring, and we told how to care for them and what to buy, and we gratified, bedded, plowed and reaped without even so much as a harvest dinner to look after. Vainglorious old farmers sent us samples of prodigious corn and pumpkins, and market gardeners didn't forget to let us see their prize fruit and berries. Everything sweet and pretty went to Miss Margaret as her natural fee, and she it was who opened the boxes of flowers, the baskets of fruit, and it was she who introduced the spirit lamp and tea kettle, and who made a corner in her office where she served our little Arcadian luncheon of bread and butter, fruit and coffee. But it was Hale who bought the teacups, and money enough must in have spent on them.

There were not two happier old boys than we in the city that summer, and we never tired of telling each other what an admirable person Miss Woolstine was. She was very useful to us. Her style in writing was full of sparkle, and her very notices of giant radishes or new harrows had little graceful terms of expression that took them out of the common and made them readable. She wrote our business letters, she scissored, she read proof and filled it, she sorted the mail, she kept the water cooler in order, she opened the exchanges, she took the most complete and unobtrusive interest in everything, but with it all she kept herself apart with a gentle reserve that we greatly admire her.

As I knew her better I saw there was trouble in her life, and I suspected it arose from her quarrel with her uncle. He had been a father to her, and she had left him and was boarding in another part of the city. I knew that it was impossible that he should not miss her, and she often spoke of her old home with a lingering tenderness that was pathetic. Of the circumstances of the quarrel I knew nothing, but Hale and I agreed that Mr. Mason had been to blame.

And so the summer wore away. Hale went back and forth from his house by the sea, and I came in every day from my farm at Melvin, but Miss Woolstine remained in the city. We invited her to visit us, we urged her to take a holiday but she replied that she was perfectly well, and that work suited her better than play.

"If we did that sort of thing," said I, one day, "we'd send you to write up the Tiger Hill strike. You'd like that."

"Why should I care to go there?" she answered, coloring, as she was apt to do, when conversation became personal.

"You are so much interested in mining affairs," I replied. "I have often noticed how you stop to read The Hill Beacon, no matter what you are doing. I have not written for them, but I have just come from there and they seem desirous of trying me."

"Do you want to go there?"

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Mc Kean County Miner.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

[illegible]

[illegible] 30, 1890.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

The Tioga County Times

Smethport Pa., Sept. 26, 1890.

AND GENERAL

[illegible] neighbors

[illegible] is rapidly nearing

[illegible] to the front

[illegible] at the Water

[illegible] election that

[illegible] tion

[illegible] Prohibitionists are

[illegible] on the

[illegible] gets a mule shake

[illegible] from his get

[illegible] case

[illegible] that the opposition

[illegible] to Speaker Reed just

[illegible] we are made

[illegible] York Press tells of an

[illegible] peddler. We thought the

[illegible] and been choked to

[illegible] that a

[illegible] of Commissioner Emmons

[illegible] Wednesday.

[illegible] to pay [illegible]

[illegible] Democratic [illegible]

[illegible] ought to be [illegible]

[illegible] to Mr. [illegible] to [illegible]

[illegible] are receiving [illegible]

[illegible] and family are receiving [illegible]

The Water Company has at last [illegible] to put a stop to the [illegible] of water, and has so notified the [illegible]

The Y. M. C. A. [illegible] to [illegible] indulging in a social [illegible] they should open it with a skeleton.

[illegible] inhabitants of the Arctic regions are becoming [illegible] to keep warm with blankets.

Wednesday last was a [illegible] and [illegible] Monument the merchants generally [illegible] by.

[illegible] authority somebody who we have from reports [illegible] the publish which is found on the [illegible] this issue.

[illegible] evening of next week has [illegible] upon for the next [illegible] Glenwood club and Prof [illegible] will furnish the music.

[illegible] your dry filing absolutely [illegible] newspaper here will exhibit a [illegible] increasing confidence in [illegible] by Mr. Mevis.

[illegible] and Emily show and Miss [illegible] telling for [illegible] Mosier [illegible] Main street for the past [illegible] intend delight the young [illegible]

[illegible] arrangements concerning the cellar [illegible] Keating on Main street, on [illegible] and abandoned a quantity [illegible] jelly, etc. Three hundred [illegible] chickens.

[illegible] Brand & Hill have [illegible] with the farmers of Keating [illegible] this [illegible] Keating [illegible] sold by [illegible] W. N. Y. & P. R. R. Co.

[illegible] announced that [illegible] would be required to have the [illegible] U. S. Treasury [illegible] will be sugar at 4½ cents drawback [illegible] after January next.

[illegible] Chittenango is the subject of [illegible] but nowhere a life more [illegible] two thousand people. But [illegible] the pebbles [illegible] stand [illegible] they have failed to [illegible] an [illegible] city.

[illegible] Curtiss, of Keating Summit, [illegible] hauling wood on Saturday last [illegible] fell [illegible] to see [illegible] [illegible] Mr. Curtiss [illegible] a couple [illegible] Tuesday next a grand basket [illegible] M. E. Church, Northern Pennsylvania will [illegible] Music will be rendered [illegible] gathering of members [illegible] church and [illegible] in front of the valley of the [illegible] to the new observatory.

[illegible] Watson & Co. will be [illegible] part of this paper [illegible] goods. Low prices and [illegible] marks the business of [illegible]

[illegible] train will leave Smethport [illegible] at 8:30 a. m. for [illegible] Monday next. Fare [illegible] Smethport to Olean and return [illegible] Bradford, who will be at Bradford [illegible] Returning the train [illegible] minutes after the close [illegible]

The Y. M. C. A. [illegible] Reunion of the [illegible] N. Y. Volunteers in Field Hall, [illegible] on [illegible] Post, Major Frank Bell [illegible] Buckhalt regiment, delivered [illegible] poem [illegible] great merit, entitled [illegible] the River." It was published in the Olean *Times* of that date occupying two columns.

[illegible] years to come no man, woman or child will write the current date [illegible] reading the figures 1890 nineteen hundred [illegible] year three minus. [illegible] people now living. It is safe to say [illegible] will ever write the date of [illegible] own class without using a 9 [illegible] nation, but "only" paragraph [illegible] week's Mevis, seems to have [illegible] the sensitive editor of the [illegible] *Dem.* Mountain flag the latter part of the term, he becomes mortally [illegible] We freely agree for our [illegible] psychology which permits of [illegible] section he unfortunately put [illegible]

[illegible] are hundreds of patent attorneys [illegible] there are not more persons [illegible] and reasonable in their [illegible] Messrs. C. A. Snow & Co., [illegible] N. Y. & Washington, D. C. [illegible] are in receipt of numerous [illegible] of [illegible] not to make self advertising [illegible] will be found in another [illegible] paper.

[illegible] are by Miss Merritt on [illegible] M. E. Church on Sunday [illegible] for the improvement of [illegible] has not a large audience, [illegible] that all present really [illegible] Miss Mosier is a lady of rare [illegible] and pleasing manner and [illegible] her address shows a [illegible] thorough mastery of [illegible]

[illegible] are in receipt of letters [illegible] to the Great Allegany [illegible] present of that extent [illegible] but got into trouble [illegible] moment and that the [illegible] amounted $40.00 to [illegible] [illegible] the whole yarn [illegible] article of foundation, [illegible] material character. The [illegible] both deserve the sympathy [illegible]

—The constituting of Potter Commandery, Knights Templars, at Coudersport on Wednesday of this week was an event which will not soon be forgotten by the residents of that beautiful town. The entire proceedings, including the reception and banquet were a great success.

—The prodigious wit exercised at our expense by the editor in petticoats of the *Era*, rates even as the calm atmosphere of "these pastoral fastes of peace." When he, she or it of scissors and a pot longing for notoriety he, she or it *does* like the pinch. Fame that we will never obtain by any similar to the recipe that one Life Both never get as far as McKean county Democrat. The poor unfortunate thing."

—Twenty two of the members of the Knights Templar of this place attended the meeting of the Allegany River Association held in Ulrad last week. This was the 11th annual gathering of the youngest Association of its kind. The church in this city was very prettily decorated with the New York State Association. Large representations were in attendance from all the churches of the Association and all returned home pleased and benefitted.

—A number of private [illegible] on the dwelling of this city were [illegible] Saturday last by [illegible] of matter in their own blood [illegible] contracted at the last meeting in the [illegible] court house. The [illegible] of the [illegible] acted in obedience to the wishes of a large portion of the community that it [illegible] be left on any evening [illegible] Friday. This suggestion was treated with [illegible] and voted down by the [illegible] A large number of people who would otherwise attend the hops will [illegible] be deprived of the pleasure.

—The two year old child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shaw of Farmers Valley, was drowned on Friday last in a shoe pail of water. The child was supposed to be playing on the banks of the creek near the store of [illegible] while it slipped in and [illegible] not been from the house more than ten minutes when it was missed and the body was found a few minutes later floating in the water. Dr. Brown was summoned and [illegible] but his power to resuscitate the child [illegible] with out avail. [illegible] was called.

—High heeled shoes have [illegible] condemned at the school [illegible] by the [illegible] of the enrollment [illegible] laws also [illegible] the return [illegible] heels is thrown forward and the weight [illegible] sustained by the toes which [illegible] into small bones and [illegible] foot. [illegible] corns, bunions, [illegible] and many [illegible] resulting. Nature demands that the weight of the body shall rest upon the heels. This is true we stick to the laws of nature the happier we will be. To the man who [illegible] on a high [illegible] spring [illegible] easy.

At the meeting called last week to organize a Christian Endeavor [illegible] Society the following officers were elected: Mr. E. E. Mayo, President; Mrs. J. V. Morris, Vice President; Miss Wardle, Assistant Secretary; A. W. Chandler, Treasurer. The programme of meetings begins with October. All who have any thoughts of forming one or would like to see one put into effect [illegible] are cordially invited to meet with us [illegible] Friday evening, [illegible] at the residence of Mr. W. L. Penner. Further meetings [illegible] to be held [illegible] evenings.

—With the [illegible] the [illegible] Mayor will [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] will [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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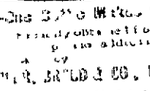

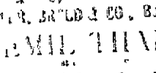

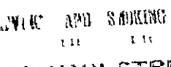

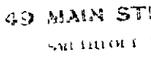

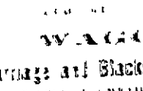

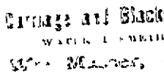

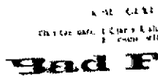

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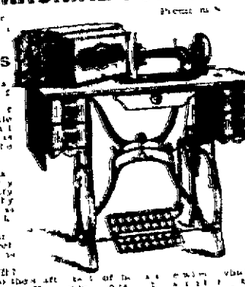

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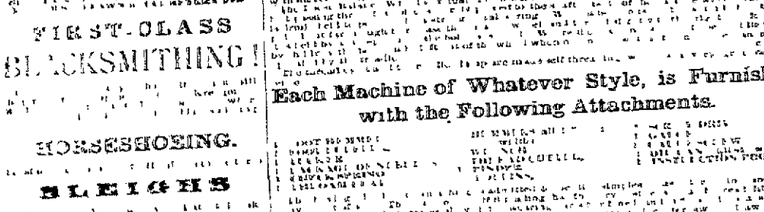

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Careful selection in seed is practiced by skilful agriculturists, who believe that to [illegible] best results in the industry they represent they must [illegible] I might quote a[illegible] bees profitable [illegible] but as this is [illegible] hardy and quiet. The [illegible] of the Italians [illegible] The bee known as [illegible] is related to the Germans or [illegible] The name Germans [illegible] with its yellow bands [illegible] and the Italians [illegible] with black or gray bands. The Italians [illegible] are of quiet habits and actively [illegible] They are [illegible] [illegible] gives Italians about [illegible] gentle at the [illegible] The Italians are also [illegible] and I am inclined to [illegible] time, and above all they have [illegible] [illegible] that have been [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]